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TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

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BY L. D. STARKE.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## POETRY.

### OH, BURY ME NOT.

By W. F. W.  
Bury me not in the dark old woods,  
Where the sunbeams never shine;  
Where the mist of the mountain  
And the dew of the dimpling pine;  
Bury me deep by the bright blue sea,  
Where the winds may come to my spirit  
And the sound of the ocean shell!

Bury me not by the surging sea,  
Where the tempest rages loud,  
Where the storm-god rideth madly free  
His chariot of cloud;  
Bury me where the ocean's wave  
And the wailing night wind's cry,  
Where the stranger's grave,  
And the mermaids sit and sigh!

Bury me not by the rolling sea,  
Where the storm-kissed billows heave  
And the sea-bird's wing  
And the drowning sailor's head,  
Bury me where the ocean's wave  
And the wailing night wind's cry,  
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amplified remuneration for their own. Our occupations are essentially agricultural, and embrace all its variety of pursuits—planting, farming, breeding of live stock, and the culture of fruits. Until very recently they were almost exclusively agricultural, as there were natural obstacles to foreign commerce, difficult to overcome, and but few manufacturing establishments among us. In both these respects progress has been made and is making, and there is good ground of hope, that before long fleets of our merchantmen will sail from our shores richly laden with our productions for sale or exchange in the ports of our sister States and foreign countries; while factories of various kinds, now established in different parts of the State, will be multiplied beyond any present calculation that can be made not only for the fabrication of the most useful implements of wood, iron, and other metals, but for our supply of those fabrics out of the great Southern staple, cotton, which have become indispensable. Manufacturers are already, without doubt, materials helps to agriculture by diversifying employments, increasing the consumption at home of our crops and stocks, and supplying on the spot and without delay many articles needed, to the planter and farmer. In time they will become a more distinct, productive and influential item in our political economy; but never I think, as the rival or foe of our agriculture, but as a faithful friend and servant. As yet, however, the cultivation of the earth is the great and productive business of North Carolina. It has made us hitherto a thriving and happy rural people. We are still so, and it will make us still more so, as it becomes improved and more productive. Why should not the agriculture of North Carolina be as improvable and improved and all her sons, engaged in it, as prosperous and happy as those of any other parts of our country? No reason of weight can be given in the negative if we will but strive for improvement. Every thing is in our favor, if we will make the effort and use the proper means; and of that every one may be satisfied if he will observe and reflect on what is around him.

The profits and the comforts of agriculture depend mainly on climate, soil, labor, and the facilities for disposing of surplus produce. The first, climate, and soil, should be congenial to the products requisite for the sustenance of the husbandman himself and in demand for others who cannot produce for themselves. In both points North Carolina is highly blessed. In her position on the globe she occupies that temperate and happy mean, which is conducive to health and the vigorous exertion of the faculties and energies of body and mind, in employments tending more than all others to the hospitalities and charities of life and the other virtues of the heart, and which constitutes a climate, that in union with her fertile soil, yields abundantly to the diligent tiller nearly all the necessities and many of the luxuries required by man. We do not work hard to maintain life; but, beyond that to realize gains that may be employed in the addition of other things productive of the elevation and refinement of civilized man. Our winters, by their duration and rigor, do not confine us long within doors, nor cause us to consume the productions of our labor during the other parts of the year; but we are able to prosecute our field operations and comfortably pursue our domestic employments throughout the four seasons. Though not of such extent of latitude as thereby to create much variety of climate, and consequently of production; yet the dimensions of North Carolina, east and west, supply that deficiency in a remarkable degree. The proximity to the ocean of her eastern coast, and the difference in elevation between that and the mountains of the west with the gradations in the intermediate regions, produces a diversity of genial climate which gives to North Carolina, in herself the advantages of many countries conjointly. By nature, too, her soil was as diversified and as excellent as her climate. The rich alluvial of the east, the extended and extremely fertile valleys of the many long streams—the Roanoke, the Tar, the Neuse, the Cape Fear, the Yadkin and Peele, the Catawba, and other rivers, which appear upon our map, besides those of smaller streams, almost numberless, all at a moderate expense of care and labor, return large yields of nearly every grain and other production fit for food. Rice, maize, wheat, rye, barley, oats, the pea, the potatoe of each kind, besides an endless variety of other sorts, vegetables, and fruits, are found abundantly therein; while higher up the country in addition, the grasses grow so rapidly and luxuriantly as to afford not only the most nutritious and palatable food for the domestic animals, but also the most extensive pastures and magnificent meadows to the mountain tops. Then, there are the great articles of cotton and tobacco, so extensively used and in such great and increasing demand—to one or the other of which the greater part of the State is eminently suited. Of fruits, melons of every kind and of the best qualities, apples, peaches, pears, cherries, nectarines, and apricots flourish almost everywhere as do also the smaller, but most valuable kinds, as the strawberry, the raspberry gooseberry, currants and, above all our native grapes, the sweet and prolific Scuppernon and the rich Catawba, which mature well, besides some of foreign origin. When to these are added the fish, with which our eastern waters abound through the year, but are alive in the spring—our naval stores and lumber, our marble, our minerals, gold, silver, copper, and especially the extensive and rich deposits of iron ore, and the coals, one may confidently ask, is there any other country which contains or produces more or a greater diversity of things to sustain life or to bring money?—And then let me enquire of you, North Carolinians, what better country do you want than your own? I hold it is good enough—too good, I am tempted to say, for sinful man. It requires only to be dressed and tilled to give nearly all we want on earth, and much for our fellow

men less happily situated. There may at some time be a stint below our usual abundance; but we need never fear a famine here while we work. Indeed, that calamity can hardly befall a country where maize—which we call Indian corn—grows to perfection. There is no record of a dearth, approaching famine, where the principal crop was maize, as it is here. Our climate and soil are so congenial to the other cereals, that a failure of that crop from an unpropitious season is necessarily perceived in time to provide the others, or some of them, as a substitute.

Such is North Carolina! Here she is and let any man say, who can, whether she be not in every thing as she has now been left up to him. Then, why should any leave her? I trust the period of her people's deserting her and seeking—what they never found—a better place, is near its end, and that they will cleave to her and exalt her by uniting in an effort to render her, by increased fertility, yet more seeming in her productions, and to embellish her with durable and tasteful habitations, gardens and lawns, with substantial farm houses, with orchards and every other thing that can make her beautiful in our eyes and fasten our affections on her. True, the soil is not what it once was, and our task is not merely to preserve fertility, but in a great degree to restore that which has been more or less exhausted. We must not blame our ancestors too hastily or too severely, for the system under which the rich vegetable loam they found here was so used up. The labors and hardships of settling a wild country leave but little opportunity for more than preparing for cultivation and cropping such parts of the land as are absolutely necessary for maintaining the colony. Land was in plenty—timber an incumbrance, and labor scarce and costly; so that, in reality, it was cheaper and the sounder economy in them to bring new fields into their exceeding superficial fertility into culture, rather than mature those which they had reduced by imperfect tillage and scouring cropping. Throughout America the land suffered by the exhaustive operations of the settlers and their descendants for several generations; but that can only go on to a certain extent, and then I must stop. When getting to be reduced not to pay for cultivation, necessity forbids a further reduction of the soil, and then the process of regeneration begins. At first it proceeds slowly; but every degree of improvement furnishes means for still greater, and accordingly it increases its pace, and by improved culture, manures, rotation of crops, and the like, it ends in a productiveness beyond its original capacity.

It is not to the lowest, certainly to a very low, condition, much of the land in the State had been brought; and the time came, when if improvement was ever to be made, it would be commenced. I use the expression, "the time came" instead of "has come," because it is a joyful fact, that some persons in various parts of the State, many in some parts, have improved, and continue to improve their lands and increase their crops—profiting much therefrom in their fortunes and setting the rest of us examples by which we ought also to profit. We have all heard for some years past, that the era of improvement had begun in the great and wealthy county of Edgecombe; and I learn from unquestionable sources, that the intelligent and enterprising planters of that county have been rewarded by signal success. I do not propose to enter into a detail of their system further than to say, that it consists chiefly in draining by ditches and embankments, making and applying composts, the use of guano and plaster of Paris, and the field-peat for an ameliorating crop, as well as a food for stock. I advise every one, however, who has the opportunity, by minute enquiries to obtain from those who have put this system into use, detailed information respecting it; and I feel no hesitation in proffering a request to the planters of Edgecombe, as public spirited gentlemen, to communicate through our agricultural periodicals, the history of their improvements, and their experiments—as well those in which they failed as those in which they succeeded, with all other matters which may be useful to their brethren in other sections.

In other parts of the country, with which I am more intimately acquainted, much improvement has been made, to my own knowledge. Of the counties ranging along our northern border, from Warren to Stokes, inclusive, I have had for about fifty years considerable knowledge. That was the principal region of the tobacco culture. According to the course of that article, we ever it prevailed in our early years, the country was cut down rapidly, cropped mercilessly with a view to quantity rather than quality, then put into corn, and exhausted quickly and almost entirely. When I first knew it, and for a long time afterwards, there were abundant evidences of former fertility, and existing and sorrowful sterility. Corn and tobacco and other crops were almost the only crops. But little wheat and no cultivated grasses were to be seen in the country. Warren and Granville bought the little flour they used from Orange wagons. Large tracts were disfigured by gulls and frightful gullies, turned out as "old fields," with broomstraw and old-feld pine for their only resture, instead of their stately primitive forests, or rich crops for the use of man. This is a sad picture. But it is a true one; and there was more fact than figure in the saying by many, whose work of destruction rendered that region as desolate, and who then abandoned it, that it was "old and worn out." Happily, some thought is now being given to the spots of their native, within these few years—since the time of river navigation and railroads began—set about repairing the ravages of former days. Do you suppose they were content with less crops, and therefore they cultivated less land than before, leaving a larger area to natural recovery by rest? That was not their course. They did not give up the culture of tobacco, but greatly

increased it, and corn also; and they added to their rotation, wheat, when so much more easily and cheaply carried to market. But they greatly increased the collection and application of manures from the stables, and the cattle yards, with considerable additions of the concentrated manures obtained from abroad, and protected the land from washing by judicious hillside trenching and more thorough plowing. The result has been, that many old-felds have been reclaimed and brought into cultivation, the lands generally much more fertile, and of course, in actual and market value in the like proportion, while the production has, probably, doubled in quantity and value in all the range of soil mentioned. Such examples are honorable to those who set them, and useful to others, who desire to improve. For to signalize them, as I would gladly do, were I as well aware of them; contenting myself with adding only, that I think I see the dawn of a better day in the country of my own residence and those contiguous. For our present purpose, it is sufficient that we can hence learn that the effects of the most injudicious and destructive cropping may be repaired by good husbandry, in the use of fertilizers saved on the farm, and others, which are becoming better known and more attainable than formerly; and thus all the outlay will be more than reimbursed at a short day by the increase of products, besides enhancing the value of real estate. Thus will our agriculturist be rendered as pleasing and as profitable as that of the most favored portions of the earth.

Then let me say once more to you, men of North Carolina, stick to her, and make her what she can be and ought to be. For you and your sons, she will yield a rich harvest to some thirty fold, some sixty fold, and some an hundred fold, according to the skill and diligence with which the tillage of the good ground is done.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### MYSTERIES OF MEMORY.

There is moreover, proof of a very decisive character, that no experiences of which the mind takes the slightest cognizance, from earliest infancy to the most extreme old age, ever become obliterated from the internal structure of the soul, however impossible it may be to recall some of those experiences during our ordinary states of body and mind. This proposition, which is rendered extremely probable by an interior contemplation of the conscious nature of the soul, is confirmed and established by the numerous instances which might be cited, in which all the experiences of a whole life, however minute or long forgotten, have been suddenly and almost simultaneously revived by some accident or occurrence, which brought soul and body to the brink of a total separation.

A fact of this kind, which cannot be otherwise than intensely interesting to the psychologist, was not long since published in the *Rome (N. Y.) Daily Sentinel*, whose editor conveys for its truth. It is to the effect, that several years ago, a held a bond against B for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. When the bond became due, A made diligent search for it among his papers, but it was not to be found. Knowing to a certainty that the bond had not been paid or otherwise legally disposed of, A concluded to frankly inform his neighbor B of his loss, and to rely on his sense of justice for its payment. But to his surprise, when he informed him of the loss, B denied ever having given him such a bond, and strongly intimated a fraudulent design on his part, in asserting that such a transaction had taken place between them. Being unable to prove his claim, A was compelled to submit to the loss of the debt, and also to the charge of dishonorable intentions in urging the demand.

Years passed away, and the affair almost ceased to be thought of, when one day, while A was bathing in Charles river, he was seized with cramp, and came near drowning. After sinking and rising several times he was seized by a friend and drawn to the shore, and carried home apparently lifeless. By the application of the usual remedies, however, he was restored; and as soon as he gained sufficient strength, he went to the bank-case, took out a book, and from its leaves, took out the identical bond which had so long been missing. He then stated that while drowning, and sinking, as he supposed, to rise no more, there suddenly stood before him, as it were, in a picture, every act of his life, from his childhood to the moment that he sank beneath the waters, and that among other acts was that of his placing that bond in a book and laying it away in his book-case. Armed with the long lost document found in this marvellous manner, the gentleman recovered his debt without loss.

### PERSIAN PROVERBS.

The man who returns good for evil is as a tree which renders its shade and its fruit even to those who cast stones at it.  
A man passes for a sage when he seeks for wisdom; but if he thinks he has found it he is a fool.  
The diamond fallen into a dung-hill is not the less precious; and the dust raised by high winds to heaven is not less vile.  
Patience is a tree whose roots are bitter, but the fruit is very sweet.  
Ten poor men can sleep tranquilly upon a mat; but two Kings are not able to live in peace in a quarter of the world.  
A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart and remembered with the head. A promise is the offspring of intention, and should be a return by reflection. A promise should be the result of reflection, and the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment.

### WEDDING EXCURSION.

In the evening the ceremony was performed, which made Tim and Rachel an unit, and after the company had figured all round, Tim having previously talked it up with Rachel, boldly announced the desperate resolution of starting the next morning on a grand tour of observation.  
"He had always been to him," he said, "and I never seen him, and now he was going straight to G—, and before he came back he would see a steamboat, if there was such a thing as how."

The village of Q— was about fifty miles distant, lying on the Ohio river, and a journey there from Tim's residence, in those days, was deemed a great undertaking. Some of them thought Tim had taken leave of his senses, or certainly he was not in earnest, but he assured them he was, and the next morning, tackling up "old gray," and putting in a supply of provisions for the journey, Tim and Rachel, now Mrs. Higgins started on their bridal tour. The second day the happy pair, without accident, arrived at G—. Just as they were entering the town, it so happened that the steamboat Pennsylvania was rounding in to the landing. Tim caught sight of her smoke-pipe, and in an ecstasy of wonder and delight, cried out:

"There she comes now, by Jove! Look at her! Rachel, dear-soul! Just as Squire Stokely said—snakes like a hurricane! She's coming in shore, tail—Jemima, what a crack! faster than from our house to Shallow's mill, ain't it? Rachel? See they are tying up the varmint with a halter. Wonder if it's sleeky, and pull? Here's a post—let's tie the gray, and go down to see the editor."

"Thunder!—what's that?—how it snorts!—You had better keep away from it, Tim," said Rachel, "it might swallow you down like windin'."

"I ain't afeared," said Tim, "folks are comin' off now. She's got nat'ured. I reckon, only spirited."

By this time gray was made fast, and Tim and Rachel were moving cautiously in the direction of the boat.  
"No balking, Rach, I'm going on to her."

The plank was out, and Tim followed slowly by Rachel, boldly walked up and stood almside of the engine.

"See how she sweats—they must have put her through," said Tim.  
"I say old boss," said Tim, addressing the engineer, "move her just a little—I want to see how she travels."

"She'll move directly," replied the man of steam, "better keep out of the way."

Tim and Rachel now wended their way to the main deck, and so completely were they absorbed with what they saw that they did not observe the preparations making for her departure.

At the last tap of the bell, Tim thought there must be a *metela* somewhere, but had no idea it was anything which concerned him. At length as Tim afterwards expressed it, "she began to breathe hard, and the water began to snuck," and Tim for the first time observed they were in the midst of the river.

"Hill, here, old boss?" screamed Tim; "I say, Cap'n, what are you about? where you going to?"

"They was now under full headway," Tim saw the tower and "old gray" disappear like magic.

"Thunder, why don't you hold her in?" roared Tim; "she's running away. What'll we do? Oh, golly, cuss the critter—can't she be brought to?"

A wag who comprehended poor Tim's predicament, observed:  
"You are in for it now, my friend; we don't stop till we get to Orleans."

I don't try to keep away from the blasted varmint," screamed Rachel; "now what will become of us?"

Tim was in despair. At this moment the steamer's whistle uttered one of its sharpest notes, and Tim's hair stood on end.

"She's loose, squalin' and kickin'," shrieked Tim.  
"Oh, golly, Rachel, we are lost," and in the absence of the knowledge of any prayer, he tried to repeat a part of the blessing he had heard Deacon Snively ask at the table.

of the fact that he had been met vexatiously duped. One of the brothers, stepping upon a chair, read aloud, and much laughter, all the correspondence which had passed between the gentleman and the "lovely young Lavinia." The advertiser, though said to be an extensive vinegar manufacturer, manifested no acidity on the occasion; on the contrary, he frankly acknowledged that he had been taken in, and thr- down a soy-reign to be spent by the extensive brotherhood. He added that he had that morning, at the Victoria railroad station, Manchester, met the seventeenth lady who had replied to his advertisement, and there were others with whom he had not yet had the pleasure of an interview; but it was his intention, when he had seen them all, to select the one he most approved, and honorably marry her.

The gentleman was then allowed to retire, and the laughter, mingled with applause, of the fraternity of fifty! Another advertisement was answered in the name of Miss "Auntie Woodville," some correspondence ensued as to marriage and its relative duties; but the "lady" having ventured to suggest an interview in Rochdale, the advertiser took alarm, and wrote to her acknowledging the kind attention shown to him, but intimating that he was in the habit of rising too early in the morning to be induced to pay a visit to Rochdale. Another adventure proved more successful. All the preliminaries in the case having been satisfactorily settled, an arrangement was made for the advertiser to meet the lady who had favorably responded to his appeal. Here is the literal copy of the letter accepting the invitation to an interview:

Manchester, the 21st of Aug. 1855.  
Dear Woman—I received yours at the Guardian office of the 20th to which I replied, how that I will meet you, at the Rochdale station, at 12 of the clock, on Thursday next, ensuing the date hereof. N.B. You may recognize me, with a piece of writing paper something like your note, carrying it in my right hand, hanging it down at full length of the arm, by my side. From L. 98. J. Kay.

On the receipt of this interesting illustration, a female servant in one of the hotels in Rochdale was induced to personate Mr. J. K.'s fair correspondent, and after a brief interview at the Rochdale railway station, where he appeared making the signal described, he consented to accompany the lady to Tweeddale's hotel—the headquarters, it would seem, for these tender meetings. On arriving there, he was received by a number of gentlemen assembled, with such marks of attention, as soon convinced him that he was caught in a snare unparliamentary, and he became very desirous to retire; but his friends were reluctant to lose his agreeable company so soon.

The husband was sent around town with the following announcement: "In view, a gentleman in want of a wife. May be seen at No. 3, Tweeddale's hotel." Of course, this brought a large accession of admiring friends, and one of the company having adroitly, and unperceived by Mr. J. Kay, stuck a white star or cockade on the front of his hat, he was readily distinguished, and received his complement of undivided attention. Visitors flocked into the room in rapid succession, each in turn being introduced by a master of ceremonies to the gentleman who had advertised for a wife. This continued till it was too much for the endurance of Mr. J. Kay; he became ill, wept, and implored permission to depart; and at length, after having been detained several hours, he was allowed to go, on paying for a bottle of wine to seduce his tormentors. A few more such denouements and who would advertise for a wife.

The following beautiful and true sentiments are from the pen of that charming writer, Frederika Bremer, whose observations might well become rules of life, so appropriate are they to many of its phases: "Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little sin will have before now disturbed a whole married life; a small cause has often great consequences. Tell not the arms that they are and sit idle. 'Laziness is the devil's cushion.' Do not run much from home. One's own heart is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage, my friends, begins like the snow-mountain, and then falls away like the snow-mountain. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavinia will all y'ur life to-day, for remember, marriage has its to-morrow, likewise, and its after-to-morrow too. Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter. Consider, my daughter, what the world life expresses—The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to entrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you."

UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS.—When a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a sweet potato, pokes the fire with the end of the coffee pot, attempts to wind up the clock with his boot jack, tries to cut kindling for his morning fire with an ivory paper knife, takes a cold roll in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers to sleep in his boots and hat, you may reasonably infer that he has been making acquaintance of some very friendly people.

The Toledo Republican says a good joke was played by the telegraph operator on Saturday, in sending to the hotels and depots about town for a trunk marked L. E. Pant. After a close search by the baggage masters, clerks, &c., all came to the conclusion that the "Elephant," always takes his trunk with him.

### A PIECE OF LEGAL ADVICE.

The ancient town of Rennes, in France, is a place famous for law. To visit Rennes without getting advice of some sort, seems absurd to the country people round about. It happened one day that a farmer named Bernard, having come to town on business, bethought himself that as he had a few hours to spare, it would be well to get the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard of a lawyer Foy, who was in such high repute that people believed a lawsuit gained when he undertook their cause. The countryman went to his office and after waiting some time, was admitted to an interview. He told the lawyer that having heard so much about him, and happening to be in town, he thought he would call and consult him.

You wish to bring an action perhaps, replied the lawyer.

O, no," replied the farmer, "I am at peace with all the world."

Then it is a settlement of property that you want, is it?

Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer, my family and I have never made a division, seeing that we draw from the same well, as the saying is."

It is, then, to get me to negotiate a purchase or a sale, that you have come?

O, no, I am neither rich enough to purchase nor poor enough to sell."

Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me? said the lawyer in a tone of surprise.

Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Bernard; "I want your advice—I mean to pay for it, of course."

The lawyer smiled, and taking pen and paper, asked the countryman his name.

Peter Bernard," replied the countryman, quite happy that the lawyer at length understood what he wanted.

Your age?

Thirty years, or very near it."

Your vocation?

What's that?

What do you do for a living?

O! that is what it means, is it? Why I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper and handed it to his client.

Is it finished already? said the farmer, "Well and good! What is to be the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer?"

Three francs."

Bernard paid the money and took his leave, delighted that he had made use of his opportunity to get a piece of advice from the great lawyer. When the farmer reached home it was 4 o'clock; the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest the remainder of the day. Meanwhile the hay had been cut two days, and was completely made. One of his men came and asked him if they should draw in.

What, this evening? exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come to meet her husband. "It would be a pity to begin the work so late, since it can be done as well to-morrow."

Bernard was uncertain which way to decide. Suddenly he recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

Wait a minute, he exclaimed, "I have an advice and a famous one, too—that I paid three francs for it, it ought to tell us what to do. Here wife, see what it says, you can read written hand better than I. The woman took the paper and read this line:

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"That's it!" exclaimed Bernard, as if a ray of light had cleared up all his doubts. "Come be quick! get the carts and away! Come on, come girls—all to the hay field! It shall not be said that I bought a three franc opinion and made no use of it. I will follow the lawyer's advice."

Bernard himself set the example by leading the way in the work, and not returning till the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, and the foresight of the lawyer. The weather changed during the night, and an unexpected storm burst over the valley; the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farmers were completely destroyed. Bernard alone had not suffered. The success of his first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that time forth he adopted it as his rule of conduct, and became consequently, one of the most prosperous farmers in the country. I hope that you my readers, will take a hint from his success, and never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day!—From the French.

THE 'RELING PASTOR'.—A young lady writes thus ingeniously and anonymously in the columns of a newspaper:

"For my own part, I confess that the desire of my heart, and my constant prayer is, that I may be blessed with a good and affectionate husband, and that I may be a good and affectionate wife and mother. Should I be denied this, I hope for grace to resign myself—but it will be a hard trial for me."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Partington, looking up at the column on the Place Vendome, during her late visit to Paris. "The Pillar of Napoleon," was the answer. "Well, I never did," she exclaimed; "and that's his pillow? he was a great man; and that's all that's to be said?—Ah, ha, ha, what it is to be great! how hard his head must have rested on that ironical pillow!"

Protagoras maintained that all is illusion, and that there is no such thing as truth. But Aristotle refuted him by the following dilemma: "Your proposition is true or false; if it is false, then you are answered; if true, then there is something true, and your proposition fails."

Why is a woman in love like a man of profound knowledge?—Because she understands the 'arts' and 'mysteries' of love."





